



Arm Chair Travels

Lawrence Wright

BEYOND the East the sunrise,
beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear,
to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call and the stars call,
and oh! the call of the sky."

That is the way that Gerald Gould expresses the desire that arises at one time or another within nearly all of us—the desire to break away from any 'here' and go to any 'there', so long as we can see something new and beautiful. Many of us, who know not the pleasant sound of plinking shakels, must be content, when this urge comes upon us, to go down to the docks, where we can smell that pungent odour of ships and dream of mysterious, mystic things in distant and vague lands of our imagination. But others, full of the power of wealth, unconcernedly go away to come back later and speak with pleasant familiarity of the Bridge of Sighs, the Louvre, the Tower, immortal Stratford-on-Avon, or even, perchance, Broadway and the Avenue. And of this latter class I was always envious. They had seen so much—I so little.

But now all this envy has disappeared, for 'twas but a week ago that I made the great discovery, which has given me the key to my desires. Travel I must and travel now I can, though at times I do my journeying while I lie lazily in bed or carelessly pace the narrow confines of my abode.

You see I discovered it while wasting my hours nosing through a book store. And having found it, eighty good cents were produced and given to the vendor of literature and modern fiction in exchange for the precious treasure. Of course you understand that it is only a map of London. But what a map!—just like the good old Elizabethan variety, with all the buildings drawn in at queer angles (almost futuristic); with queer people wandering in the streets; with fish a-splashing in the river; with conversation and explanatory remarks floating upwards, and with everything in violent colours. Absolutely magnificent!

Within an hour after purchase "the heart of Britain's Empire" was pinned upon my wall and now, when I wish to go for an afternoon's walk or a day's hike, it is not necessary to leave my room. I can even go boating on the Thames with a bargeman who eternally exclaims, "I'll swallow my binacles if I don't," referring to the possibility that his barge may not slip under the Albert bridge. True, this monotonous declaration is slightly annoying, but an eight oared crew, Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose, is coming up the river followed by a shoal of sardines—for the first time out of tins—and this unique sight offsets the bad manners of the bargees.

My friends and I have taken some fine trips already. Piccadilly Circus is our centre and it is from here that we always start. One of our finest expeditions was to Hyde Park where we heard the stimulating "gas-tubs" in action.

Yesterday, turning north—or was it south?—we found ourselves near Westbourne Grove, where to our

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Geoffrey Chaucer

COME swiftly, day when I shall hear one sing
(Searching the dust and stars and hearts of men)
With the gay wisdom and the grace again
Of Geoffrey Chaucer's glorious minstrelling.
Where is that hearty music? Who will bring
The gladness of sane laughter now, as when
It stirred all busy England, and the pen
Of Adam Sciveyn made the rafters ring?
Strange phantoms mar the latter creeds we make:
An iron music sounds above the dance;
The meshes tighten that we cannot break—
Dull cheer, poor prostitutes of circumstance!
Thank God, there are quick echoes from the dead,
And truth will free us yet, there is no dread.

—W. H.

In Defence of the Epilogue

I by Jack Spector

C'est un indice bien favorable pour un livre qu'il déplaît aux vieux critiques. Comptez-ils l'approuvent qu'il ne contient rien de nouveau, et pensez au contraire, s'il les fâche qu'il est original et mérite qu'on le lise.

A. France.

THE critics have singled out for severe censure the epilogue of George Bernard Shaw's Saint Joan. Their strong praise of the play sans epilogue is excelled only by their stronger dispraise of the epilogue. Now apart from the general merits of the play, which is a very fine one, and apart from the exceptional artistry therein displayed, let us consider wherein lie the causes of the critics' deprecations.

THE presence of an epilogue in a play is nothing new. Authors since the early days of play-craft have appended sort of independent commentaries to their dramas. In England the practice has become thoroughly acclimatized, the Shakespeareans approving of it and the dramatists of the Restoration receiving it with high acclaim. In fact, technically the epilogue in a modern play is defensible on the sanction of the highest authority.

As to the substance of the epilogue in question, the accusation levelled against it is that it drops the play with a cruel thud. Now a play is an imitation of life, an illusory representation of human action. Says Dryden: "A play ought to be a just image of human nature." We humans love just images. Anything which tends to deprive our image of its smooth and unbroken continuity shocks us. Whatever the psychological reason behind it, and psychologists have not been unsparing of harsh epithets in their definition, the human mind follows the line of least resistance and does not desire abrupt deviation or sudden change. In spite of boasts concerning our thirst for the novel, the untried, the unaccustomed, conservatism whips out. A play must conform to standards—our standards, and dismay fills us with the thought that there are standards other than ours.

Shaw adopts a perfectly legitimate dramatic vehicle and uses it for a perfectly orthodox purpose—the adding of further information to the imperceptible conclusions of the work itself. The introduction of didacticism into a piece of literature tends ordinarily to lower its value. We are, however given to moralizing and

there is very little from which we do not extract or into which we do not read our own inferences. Shaw merely chooses to forestall us in these inferences and desires that there be no doubt about them. No interspersal of precept mars the play. Nor can it be truly said that this play has been written to elucidate a preface. Shaw steps out at the end of an excellent uninterrupted presentation and delivers himself of a few observations dealing directly with what has preceded. It has been academically regretted that Shakespeare did not do as much. And if the purport of Shaw's remarks are injurious to ourselves and point out the necessity of overhauling our standards and moral values somewhat, the retort of bad taste will not help us much.

BUT we prefer our own conclusions even to those of an author concerning his own work and will not budge from them. Preconceptions easing and romantic, and illusion must not be drenched with cold actuality. Our nice sense of proportion will not brook that a play be brought back to life, which we insist it must mirror. An author must be ready to incur our displeasure if fearing that we might misconstrue him he takes the trouble to impress upon us that dead saints (like dead radicals) are honored not because they were saints but because they are dead.

II by M. Philips.

LEADING dramatic critics in this and in other cities have united in their disapproval of the Epilogue to Shaw's latest play "Saint Joan". The controversy has evidently seized the imagination of a great many people, and everywhere and from everybody during the past week I have been hearing the question "What did you think of the Epilogue?"

With all due respect to the critics, it seems to me that the Epilogue, far from being an anticlimax or a mistake, is a very essential part of the play. It conveys the meaning and the message of the play as no other part does. Besides being extremely clever, which in itself would justify its existence, it represents Shaw's real criticism of the world in which we live, of its attitude towards its saints and heroes, of its fundamental injustice and hypocrisy. When the twentieth century Frenchman states that the possibility of Joan's return to life was not considered when she was canonized, and when Joan herself

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"BUNK"

A Note on the Piano
S. Fels.

THE over-educated musician decided to patronize a piano recital. So, whistling the main theme of the Finale of Beethoven's Ninth to himself—and incidentally to all others around him—he got to his seat, immediately next to mine.

The pianist started. His opening number was a Beethoven Sonata—the Appassionata. My companion listened with approval and at the close applauded. On being recalled several times, the pianist (Mr. Rachmaninoff, it was) played a little waltz, by Chopin, the one in B minor. While I was thoroughly enjoying myself, and felt my whole being dancing with the rhythm, with the faintest trace of rubato,—as if the notes, instead of standing bolt upright in the bars, in places leaned gently over towards each other,—I was horrified to hear this person at my side utter the word "Bunk."

Now it was not the violation of the rules of grammar that so horrified me; this only made the offending word more maddening. "Here is a man," I said to myself (and thereby paying the individual an unintentional compliment), "to whom all the beauties of piano music are lost. I shall prepare arguments to shew him the error of his ways."

Some well-meaning men—perhaps misguided—had spent their lives in the perfection of the instrument we now call the piano. They had tried the clavichord, then the spinet, had developed the piano forte of Christofori, and had finally attained the perfection of the modern grand piano with its overstringing. To this instrument musical composers began to "adapt" their music. But came one Chopin who understood this instrument. He didn't adapt his music to the piano; he wrote piano music. His conceptions were bounded by the keyboard; his themes and their treatment were of the piano only: the sweeping arpeggios in the bass, the graceful filigree ornamentations, the conciseness of his endings were pure expressions of the piano.

"But," (I can imagine my victim exclaiming, when he at last gets a chance to put in a word) "Chopin never had high musical conceptions, as Beethoven, for instance, had, and so his music isn't as good as Beethoven's piano music."

(I see myself poince on him triumphantly) Yes, but Chopin's musical conceptions reached the utmost height that the piano would allow, as a piano. To go beyond would be to convert it an instrument of imitation.

Beethoven goes into the fields—with his garments unbraced—and shouts themes out aloud. He says to himself, "Now I must fit this new theme of mine to the piano: the publishers say that there is a great demand for more piano music. Although (in a tone of regret) how lovely it would sound played first on the violins, and then repeated by the winds—" And he goes home, and using a pair of scissors cuts down his music to fit the piano. The result is a piano sonata in which there are tremolos in the base (so effective in the orchestra) and the theme thrown from the bass to the treble (he couldn't completely resist the idea of

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The Quest for Beauty

TO those who are inclined to lament the dull commercial utilitarianism of the present day, and to look back fondly, if in vain, to some legendary golden age when Beauty moved among men and the hem of her flying robe touched them, we bring good tidings, of great joy. Did you think that Beauty had shaken the dust of cities from her feet, and retired into the lonely places among mountains, streams and trees? That she had gone from amongst us unlamented and unpursued save by the poets, the painters, and yourselves? That no bright lamp was illumined any more before her shrine? Truly, then, you were but faint of heart, doubters, and no true worshippers. See how you are put to shame by the women of a nation.

For truly it is among the women of that great commonwealth to the south of us that the quest for Beauty has been exalted to its true magnitude, becoming a more insistent and relentless chase than even when the goddess was a milk-white naked statue hewn of Grecian marble, or a red rose twined around a Mediaeval psalter. Not only poets now, but the whole vast multitudes of hundred-percent American womanhood are passionate votaries of Beauty. Do you venture to doubt our happy statement, we have facts and figures and statistics to corroborate it.

According to reports presented at the annual Convention of Retail Druggists which recently met in Washington, D. C., and reprinted in the public press, the ladies of America annually make sacrifice to gain the favours of the white, but not-so-implacable, goddess. The yearly extent of their offerings are as follows: 55,047,000 parcels of cold cream; 240,902,000 boxes of talcum and face powders; 17,856,000 packages of rouge. In no less great amounts are cosmetics sold to the women of the United States in a year. So say the druggists, and their testimony can be relied upon. Were we to hear from the hair-dressers and beauty specialists, the manicurists and masseuses no doubt the numbers would be swelled beyond all mortal comprehension — in so high honour is Beauty held in these blessed modern times.

There is matter for great rejoicing here. For how can Beauty be more zealously worshipped than by making one's own self beautiful? In a noble sonnet Dante Gabriel sang of

"that Lady Beauty in whose praise

Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee

By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat

Following her daily of thy heart and feet,

How passionately and irretrievably

In what fond flight, how many ways and days!"

but the girl who dips her white fingers in the rouge pot and pencils her eyebrows in the fine similitude of an arc de triomphe does more honour to that Lady Beauty than even such lovely verse.

When will our own young wholesome Canadian girls follow the example of their pious American sisters, and so wholeheartedly, and with so sweet a face worship our dear goddess Beauty?

A Co-operative Science Catalogue

IN co-operation with the Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research and with most of the prominent libraries of Canada McGill University has prepared *A Catalogue of Scientific Periodicals in Canadian Libraries*. The book is the work of Dr. Gerhard R. Lomer, Librarian of McGill University, and Miss Margaret S. Mackay, Assistant Secretary, Canadian Bureau of The Catalogue of Scientific Literature.

It is hardly necessary for us to dwell on the immense value of such a catalogue as has now been produced. In the sense that science is classified knowledge, it may be considered in itself a work of science of the first importance and will certainly prove to be an invaluable aid to Canadians engaged in scientific research. It is a work as accurate and complete as time and care could make it, and only falls short of perfection because a number of Canadian libraries were unable, owing to circumstances beyond their control, to include their possessions in the catalogue. This, however, does not greatly impair the usefulness of the volume, which certainly includes the periodicals in all of the more important Canadian Libraries.

The editors are to be congratulated on the production of a work involving so much accurate research and painstaking labour, and having at the same time so great an intrinsic value. They merit the gratitude of all who have at heart the best interests of Canadian Scientific investigators.

Epilogue

WE are very glad that our adverse criticism of the Epilogue to "Saint Joan" has not been allowed to pass unchallenged by those who have been unable to agree with us. It is an encouraging sign to receive long and well-reasoned contributions on questions of dramatic art and criticism, and, while maintaining our former opinion, we wish to thank those who have so well expressed the other (and perhaps the truer) point of view.

The Miracle

An impression

THE Miracle has entered upon its second season at the Century Theatre New York. Cynical persons may ask why, and indeed it is a reasonable question, but the main cause is, as usual, economic. Immense sums have been spent on transforming the theatre, and the receipts of the first season have not been sufficient to justify the outlay, while a two-season run is likely to prove a better investment.

The theatre has been "lined with a Mediaeval Cathedral". One of the greatest joys of my later teens was to wander about England on a motorcycle, stopping in Cathedral towns to spend a few hours in the Cathedral. In doing so, I got to know Cathedrals, and could perhaps have given some vague description of the feelings I experienced in them. I still recollect their atmosphere, and should, I think, derive a similar pleasure from repeating such experiences. But I felt no return of the feeling in the Century Theatre. My chief emotion was akin to that which I feel on entering an American hotel, and the impression deepened as the performance went on. The truth is that a Mediaeval Cathedral will not fit inside a modern theatre. If that elaborate "gothicising" is, as I suppose, meant to be in itself a spectacle, it fails, as also it does in lending atmosphere to the play. But it might have been worse. The designers resisted the temptation to marble, which is something, though horror seized me to find the female attendants clad as nuns. The male attendants were not, incidentally monks. I wonder why it is that women object so much less than men to looking ridiculous.

Nowadays there are continuous polemics between those who deplore all use of the "mechanics" of the modern stage, and those who look upon them as one of the greatest discoveries of the day. Personally I steer a media via: while on principle I encourage all new ideas, yet I cling tenaciously to the spirit of "nothing in excess". In general it may be considered a good plan to restrict the use of mechanics rigidly within the sphere in which they will not distract attention from the main issue. The Miracle is a conspicuous violation of this principle, which I may claim to be a sound one. Of course if one must have miracles on the stage the temptation to make them mechanical miracles is great, but it is so obvious, so simple, so plainly a refuge, and at the same time so diabolically prone to draw the interest to the wheels and cogs turning behind the scenes somewhere: the human mind is inevitably more curious about what it cannot see than what it is being shown. Towards the end of the performance I found myself idly speculating on which trapdoor in the stage floor was going to move next; whether the lights of the infernal regions would shine in the floor again; or whether the altar would once more miraculously open; and if so, what or who would come out of it. And crowning the exhibition, the disastrous person who edited the brochure (which cost the man next to me 50c.) included a complete panoramic plan of the whole mechanism, by leave of the Scientific American! Mizpah!

To turn to the play itself: it is in eight scenes, somewhat long, and unfortunately the scenes were mostly only incidentally connected with the

theme or with each other. While I admired much of Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes' costuming,—the costumes were often barely in keeping with their own scene, and very seldom with the play. From this I must except all those scenes which actually, in fact, and not only in symbol, took place in the Cathedral. The crowds in the Cathedral were gaudily and variously clad, which is perfectly true to fact, though I am inclined to doubt whether the colours would, in 1194, have been quite so well harmonised.

The fact that every scene took place in the Cathedral structure was a trifle confusing, although the Brochure states that their purpose is never to make it quite clear whether the Nun's adventures took place in fact, or whether they were a dreadful dream. Now the story on which the "Miracle" is based is Mediaeval and there are many versions of it, but, although I devote the best of my energies to the study of the Middle Ages, I never remember meeting a version in which it was not made clear whether the Nun's experience were fact or an evil dream. As a matter of fact such an equivocal notion would have been quite foreign to the Mediaeval mind, which was at great pains to be precise, in particular in relating fact and occurrence to the supernatural, and any other form of pseudo-fact. This may of course be allowed to pass as dramatic license, but if so, for the sake of harmony, do not attempt to be true to history. The producers seem to have been in a double dilemma. In the first place they have been drawn on the one hand by historical accuracy, on the other by artistic effect, as seen on the modern stage, and if, as I by no means deny, it be possible to harmonise the two, they have failed. In the second they are repeatedly confused between the actual and the symbolical, for I am convinced to all intents and purposes that the passage in the Brochure is no more than a clever attempt to make a virtue of necessity. Scene V in the Emperor's Court is perhaps the worst case of this, for all the players are dressed in costumes of old gold, and the whole is designed to impress with the tawdriness and vanity of the world. There is no attempt to be true to the actual conditions of the Emperor's Court;

I could continue incongruities ad infinitum, but before concluding I must in all fairness notice one very commendable piece of acting. The prayers led by the fanatic priest in the first scene are a masterly exposition of the frantic emotion of a crowd. Moreover they are an entirely truthful rendering of the spiritual ecstasy of the Mediaeval Roman Catholic Church. My advice to anyone going to New York is to see the "Miracle" for this alone. Incidentally they would do well to walk out of the theatre at the end of the scene.

The prayers of the crowd are the only piece of acting in the play, for indeed a crowd alone is in proportion with the decor. The simple actors are so insignificant among the mass of pillars and masonry that their efforts would be lost, however good. The producers show that they remember the rudiments of their art in using pantomime, but this is quite insufficient to be an effective remedy.

—VESPASIANO.

Princess Bill Has Its Usual High Standard

IT IS a misfortune for a fairly good vaudeville show to be preceded by several very good fore-runners, but such things happen in the world of the theatre, for all performances cannot be perfectly good any more than they can be perfectly rotten. And this week's show at the Princess is experiencing this misfortune: not that it is lacking in amusement and even a certain amount of beauty, but some of its recent predecessors have touched higher heights of entertainment.

Of the eight actual numbers on this week's amusement menu, as served by the chief chef of vaudeville, Mr. B. F. Keith, there are one or two numbers which stand out from the others although they do not over-tower the remaining acts to any remarkable extent. Mlle. Rhea and Santoro, with Alex Cross and Joseph Mach Jr., offer a pleasant pot-pourri made up of dancing, acrobatics and music, and although their theatrical tricks are not entirely original, the artists do them with a charming finish, worthy of warm praise. The act shows a great deal of versatility, the numbers having a wide range and not failing to please. Mlle. Rhea is a danseuse of merit but there is not the slightest doubt that if Santoro were removed the act would become almost flat and listless. He is its heart and upon him it depends. Santoro, we can honestly say, is the most graceful strong man we have seen on the boards for a long time. Performances depending upon sheer strength, all too often leave a dull taste but not so in this case. Working with Cross—or was it Mach?—Santoro does some splendid feats and he also makes an excellent partner for Mlle. Rhea with her intricate dance interpretations. There is even some good music, for the pianist has somewhat of a musical soul, loving not only the keys of a grand but also the strings of a violin. And loving them, he knows how to play.

The Sic Tahar Company, in "Algerian Pastimes", indulge in a veritable whirlwind of playful acrobatics, which they execute with such rapidity and skill that the audience is almost as short of breath as the performers.

On the posters Rae Samuels is headlined as the "Blue Streak of Vaudeville" but though she is featured on the bill, there were others whom we enjoyed to a much greater extent. It was not the first time that we had seen Miss Samuels, for she has been here before, and was just the same then, as now, that is she never rises above low comedy methods. Yet she spreads a humorous sort of musical philosophy for the gullible and judging by the chuckles, the gullible flock in shoals.

Tommy Russell and Ernie Marconi are two others, who are not complete strangers in Montreal, and their act is as pleasing as ever. It is not an extravaganza, just a series of selections on the portable organ (or accordion) and the violin—selections which are well rendered with skilful interpretation.

"A Rollicking What-Not" is a good title for the act of Jack McLallen, clever on roller skates, and Sarah, with whom he indulges in repartee. Gladys Buckbridge and Billy Casey nominally sing and dance, with De Salvo committing the common desecration of ragging works of the masters. Murry and Maddox present a skit entitled "Chow".

French Players Are Delightful In Popular Comedy of Manners

THE Orpheum players continue to delight their audiences with excellent performances of old and new French plays. This week "Madame Sans-Gene," an old favourite, and one of the most popular plays in the Porte St. Martin repertoire, is the highly acceptable offering.

"Madame Sans-Gene" is a diverting comedy of manners, by Victorien Sardou and E. Moreau which centres upon the trials and tribulations of an ex-laundrywoman at the court of Napoleon. Not being to the manner born, the lady experiences considerable difficulty in copying the airs and graces which Court life demands of all its patrons. Napoleon himself, who might be expected to be above noticing trifling breaches of Court etiquette, is very much disturbed by the reports of Madame's faux pas and malapropisms. He even goes so far as to request her husband, who is one of his favourite lieutenants, to

acter, with all its eccentricities and weaknesses, extremely lovable and sympathetic, perhaps even more so than the play demands. Whether she is tripping over her elongated train, or denouncing the laddies of the Court for their false sense of values, or reminding her Emperor of the days before his rise to power, she plays her part with skill and understanding. Her scene with Napoleon in the second act is a joy all through.

M. Pierre Magnier gives an interesting portrait of Napoleon, stern and dictatorial, jealous, capricious, and with a sense of humor which comes to the fore at very opportune moments. My knowledge of history is not detailed enough to permit me to judge of the accuracy of the portrait, but M. Magnier's interpretation seems to fit in very well, physically and otherwise, with the generally accepted impression.

M. R. Montis and M. Almette contribute fine performances, while M. Glenat is excellent in one of the com-

London Actors In Crude Drama of Mystery

IT cannot be that we are more sophisticated than the "jaded reviewers" of the daily press, but "Bulldog Drummond" in which Percy Hutchinson and his company, from the Queen's Theatre, London, are playing this week at His Majesty's left us distinctly cold.

It is a hodge-podge of melodramatic posturings to an accompaniment of revolver shots and presumably bloodcurdling cries off-stage. The carefree happy way in which the plot is woven, with loose threads and ragged strands hanging out all over the place is also worthy of comment. The dialogue ranges from the terribly comic to the comically terrible. In accordance with the best traditions, the villains (for there is a whole gang of them—master criminals, with a beautiful if unscrupulous woman among them) hiss their "s"s with a z sound through their lips, and roll their "r"s with a ferocity calculated to send a shiver down your spine. The hero—"Bulldog Drummond"—is one of those obnoxious persons who are always right, or at least, always lucky. The villains, master minds though they may be, and though they have successfully outwitted the detectives of two continents, have no chance against him. For is he not the hero? And the hero, it is axiomatic but unfortunately, must triumph.

The story of the play is quite amusing, and with a few broader strokes, the company could make it into a fairly intelligent burlesque of the type of drama of which it is a somewhat unworthy representative. Captain Drummond, whose tenacity, and courage have worked wonders in the war, inserts an advertisement in the Times asking for a job in which danger and excitement will be suitably mingled. A young and beautiful girl, the blue-eyed heroine, replies, and asks his aid. A gang of devilish master crooks she says, led by a surgeon of diabolical ingenuity, have her uncle in their power, and are practicing some fiendish cruelty on a young multimillionaire whom they keep imprisoned in a country house next to her uncle's home. She herself is dogged everywhere. She implores the bold Captain Drummond to aid her. "But remember there is danger", she says "do you not know fear?". "Fear? What is that? I don't understand you," he replies. That is the kind of a hero we have to deal with.

During the four acts and six scenes of the play complications arise and fade away again, the crooks with much cursing and damning torture their helpless victims, pistols are fired, and the screams of the victims echo and re-echo through the blackness of the night, but Bulldog Drummond triumphs every time, and though his courage and cleverness make a great impression upon the rest of the cast, friend and foe alike, it must be admitted that the stars in their courses are fighting for him.

For the company, we can have only praise, and in some of the members a tendency to burlesque could be discerned as though they were ashamed of the mediocre quality of the vehicle in which they were forced to display their talents. It seems a pity that when a good company comes all the way from England, it should not bring a better play. Certainly every American company which has come to His Majesty's so far this year has brought an offering much more worthy of the serious play-goer's attention.

A. J. M. S.

SONNETS

by Jon Grahame

I

MY dear, I wish it wasn't detrimental
To art and manners, custom and good taste
To cultivate the semi-sentimental,
And write you honeyed sonnets duly graced
With similes a trifle continental,
Rhyme "heavenly bliss" to "kiss" correctly placed,
And let chaste "love" by "gentle dove" be chased,
And not be modern and experimental.

Rhetorically I'd like to ask the rose
If she doth blush in envy of thy charms,
And tell the world what glowing rapture flows
Along my blood when in your milk-white arms
I emulate the lovers legend knows
Who kissed away the world's uneasy harms.

II

But now, you know, that line's a platitude:
The poet-lover has to be more wise:
His sonnets are the outline of an attitude
Which he must rather subtly analyze;
He must allow himself no latitude,
Nor wanton with the first rhymes that arise;
Feeling, he must distrust; and gratitude;
Dissect each little thought before it flies.

And so—My love is an obliquity
Of clearer vision twisted on the world
Transforming commonplace iniquity
To fiery comets on the darkness hurled,
And you yourself, an exclamation mark
Marvelling this sudden beauty on the dark.

get rid of this very disturbing element in the Napoleonic social circle.

Fortunately for the lady, who commands our sympathy in spite of her disregard of the niceties of polite society, matters never become as serious as that. There are a number of interesting developments, in the course of which Napoleon discovers that when he was a mere soldier in the ranks, Madame Sans-Gene laundered his handkerchiefs and collars for him, and that he still owes her a fair-sized bill for services rendered. For this and other reasons his attitude towards her undergoes a very marked change, and he ends by counselling her husband to hold on to his precious wife with both hands—which he immediately proceeds to do.

Mme. Malber, who usually plays less important parts, is a delight in the title role. She makes the char-

edy roles. Some of the minor parts might have been improved upon, but the performance as a whole deserves the highest praise.

Next week, "La Femme Nue."

—O. K.

An Immorality

SING we for love and idleness,
Nought else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,
There is not else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,
Though rose leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary
To pass all men's believing.

Ezra Pound.

A Vulgar Digression

Graeme Taylor.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a reporter, interviewed Ramsay MacDonald's son when the Oxford debating team landed in Canada. When the statesman's son learned that he was being greeted by a newspaper reporter he said, "You're doing just what I want to do."

Young MacDonald then went on to explain that he wished to be a newspaper reporter when he left the university. His reasons were that there was so much experience to be gained in this work and that there would be such an endless variety of assignments that anything approaching boredom would be impossible. One day he would be sent to interview a statesman, the next to a murder, to a strike, and so on. These were his colorful fancies. While working as a reporter he also expected to formulate some system of life philosophy.

Here I must make a confession. This story concerns neither my friend nor Ramsay MacDonald's son. It is to a certain extent about myself—the extent of which the reader is the judge.

Like every young and inexperienced reporter I had once a "penchant" for human interest stories. I used to think in those terms common to human interest stories. I lamented bitterly the matter-of-fact reports which kept me from seeking out unusual details about persons who never brushed their teeth or who had never worn garters. Not mind you, about persons to whom cleanliness is unknown or who had never known what it is like to be really well-fed. Such are too common-place for human interest; they enlighten people too much about the troubles of the world. The average man does not buy his paper for enlightenment; he buys it to see life represented in the foggy untruths of his own views.

I sometimes strayed into strange places in my search for these peculiarities and I overcame many a natural repugnance. I overcame a strong distaste for the smell of ether, and often sat in the admitting rooms of hospitals.

One summer night when I was in one of the hospitals a young man with a lacerated scalp was brought in. After the patient had received treatment I heard his story.

It was told by the young man's mother, an old woman who was in a state of intoxication that was worse than is the usual college-boy's, even in his wildest extravagances. She was of the charlady type; large, fleshy and evil smelling, with grey-black hairs which stuck stiffly out from her head—giving rise to a suspicion that the hairs obtained their rigidity from the filth that was in them.

"Halfred", she said, indicating her son; "is a good boy. It's his friend."

Whatever the it was that she accused "Halfred's" friend with being she did not explain.

"Halfred" she re-affirmed, "is a good boy. Halfred's father 'ees a good man. But 'ee likes 'is bottle." (This taste, I felt inclined to interrupt, seemed to be equally developed in all members of the family.)

"Halfred's father, 'ee is a stern man, though, and 'ow 'ee does 'ate to waste the lights. 'Ee don't allow us to light the gas at nights. 'Ee wants to sit in the dark. Seems like 'ee don't want to see." (A wise man, thought I, since he has to sit with you.)

"But me, I likes to read. I do. I'm literary. I'm fond o' readin'. Hand Halfred 'ee likes to see me read. But 'ow

LYRIC

I WENT walking neath the poplars
Under the twilight sky
Alone... alone... Broken heart.
Evening star... and I.

A slender lily trembled
Across the path I trod:
And out of the deepening shadows
Whispered the voice of God.
—RAND

is I to read in the dark?" (This was plainly a rhetorical question for she did not await any reply.)

"Well, to-night Halfred 'ee says to his par, 'Pop, ma wants the light to do 'er readin' by.' Halfred's pa 'ee says, 'She aint a goin' to 'ave the light.'"

"But Halfred 'ee puts on the light, like 'ee 'adn't heard is par."

"Then Halfred's father 'ee puts out the light."

"Halfred 'ee puts on another light. 'Pa 'ee puts it out agin."

"Halfred, 'ee keeps lightin' the lights and pa 'ee keeps puttin' them out."

Finally, it appears, Halfred's father decided that this nocturnal practise would have to be discontinued. So he took an empty beer bottle and proceeded to chastise his progeny by belaboring him about the head.

The maternal instincts were here aroused: "Do you think I would stand by and see my child bein' beat?" (Not if my judgment was worth anything, she wouldn't. If there was any fighting this latter-day Hecuba would be in the midst of it.)

"When I saw me child bein' beat I got mad." She did more than that: she threw the stove lid at her husband.

And "Halfred's" father, having by this time extinguished the glow-worm tendencies of his heir, turned to administer reproof for this fresh domestic treason in the shape of a near-aimed stove lid. He did this by thumping his spouse with the shattered beer bottle.

I hope Ramsay MacDonald's son, when he starts out as a reporter, will have a few experiences like this as well as interviews with politicians and trade-union presidents. They will certainly not simplify his work in deducing any "life philosophy", but they will prevent him from forming a smug philosophy or one lacking all the sense of life's subduing humor.

"Bunk"

(Continued From Page One)

having it first on the strings and then taken up by the winds.)

Chopin on the other hand is always at the piano, for when away from it, it filled his mind. His themes are never conceived in any other form than notes. He hears not violins and winds but fifth finger and second finger, each with its own individual voice.

An interesting parallel is noted by several writers: the theme of the Vivace of Beethoven's Piano Sonata Op. 79, and the theme of Chopin's Etude in G flat, Op. 25 No. 9. There is a striking similarity in the themes, but what a difference in the treatment of them! Beethoven's could be very well, and very easily, worked into a soprano solo (the tempo would have to be slowed, of course) or an effective violin duet, and would surely make a charming encore for an orchestra to play. Look at the Chopin Study: no arranger, however daring, has ever had thoughts of transposing that for some other medium of musi-

In Defence of the Epilogue

by M. Philips.

(Continued From Page One)

says, "O Lord who madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints," we get a statement of the real significance of the play.

The truth is, in my opinion, that the estimable critics referred to have taken the play, as a play, somewhat too seriously. I believe that Shaw wrote, as usual, with his tongue in his cheek. "Saint Joan" is a satire, not tragedy. Shaw was having a great deal of fun all through—exaggerating, criticising, satirizing, throughout the play, rather than attempting to give an accurate picture of what happened. The pictures of the Dauphin, the English monk, Joan herself, are all exaggerations which give him an opportunity to have some fun at everybody's expense. To take just one example, those who insist upon taking Shaw seriously in all details might explain why he allows Joan to call her ruler "Charlie" and treat him as something less than an equal.

Taken simply as a drama, the play might well have ended with the burning. Those who were greatly moved by that trial scene would naturally not care to be brought back to earth so suddenly. Personally, I was not moved as much as that. For me the play appeared as an intellectual rather than a dramatic achievement.

Poesy alone can tell her dreams,
With the fine spell of words alone
can save

Imagination from the sable chain
And dumb enchantment.

HYPERION

cal expression, for it is piano music.

Certainly Beethoven was a bigger musician than Chopin—that was the trouble, he was too big, and his piano music suffers. We see in his piano sonatas: vocal solos, trios, duets, and a multitude of orchestral episodes. Mr. Von Bulow, in his edition of the Sonata Op. 53 (Waldstein), writes over one episode, in the first movement, in which the theme is thrown several times to different parts of the keyboard: "quasi 'flage'," "quasi flauto," "quasi clarinetto," "quasi oboe," representing the effect that the player should endeavour to produce. I doubt whether Beethoven ever really wrote any piano music.

But Chopin never wrote anything but piano music. His trio is a rather weak imitation of a piano treatment and contains ornamental passages (23 notes in the treble to 8 in the bass) which are the delight of every pianist but which so arouse the ire of time-beating trio players that it is small wonder we never hear it performed. And as for the orchestral accompaniments to his two piano Concerti, well, it is for the best that our musicians of today all see fit to use a second piano arrangement in their stead.

So (I imagine myself concluding, having thus crushed my adversary) if you come to a piano recital do not sneer at piano music. If you can only think of orchestras and voices and cannot see the individual beauty of the piano, as expressed by the only composer who really understood the instrument, stay at home.

I looked up to deliver all this to my unsuspecting companion. But alas, he had left of his own accord. No doubt the realization that Chopin's B flat minor Sonata was the next number on the programme must have caused his sorely-tried patience to give way.

Sanctions: A Frivolity

RONALD Knox, the English Roman Catholic priest and author of "Memories of the Future," has recently launched a second effort in fiction. It is known as "Sanctions: a Frivolity," and is an abstruse philosophical work published in the form of a novel. I say "abstruse," for upon finishing the book, my philosophy was neither strengthened nor thrown into hopeless confusion; either of these results would prove it to be not abstruse. The not too selective reader commences "Sanctions" presumably on the assumption that it is a novel. He reads on, expecting to reach the narrative part, and, finally disillusioned, throws it aside or else, as I did perforce as a self-imposed reviewer, gives himself up to the joys of wandering through the labyrinth of a latter-day St. Thomas Aquinas.

One of the characters in this Vademecum is a serious-minded refugee from the Continent, Count Andre Haloczy, who is planning to write a digest of everyday philosophy, and, explaining why he is not publishing it in the form of "Sanctions" itself, betrays the latter: "No, I cannot write my book in the form of a dialogue, and have all the problems in it discussed by a party of friends sitting around the fire. Because the philosophers would say, 'This is flippant stuff.' And, the novel readers would say, 'This is not a novel, and the library ought never to have sent it.' And that would be a pity, because you see, I love my book." Evidently the author, after criticising thus succinctly his own work, in fact, decided to brave the storm of philosophers and novel readers. For the whole of his book is, in short, a fireside discussion of problems. The plot begins and ends with a highbrow house party in the north of Scotland, where, every evening, a Mrs. Chulmeigh, the hostess' professional locum-tenens, engineers some intellectual guessing game or such and leads off at the most opportune moment into a quasi-philosophical discussion. When the thing is well under way, she retires, and we have the spectacle of a gladiatorial contest between spokesmen for Roman Catholicism, Anglo-Catholicism, Anglicanism, modern psychology and agnosticism respectively.

"Sanctions" is obviously biased, but not extremely so. The Catholic point of view is most emphasized and is shown at its best. We learn that the intelligent Catholic, before resting his belief on the Church, determines whether its authority is founded on a rock or no; also, Catholic clergy men are not, as a rule, "world-builders" (in the odious sense of the term.) And after all that has been said, I think that "Sanctions" is a better book than Chesterton's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," and certainly Knox must be placed with Chesterton and Belloc to form a trio of English Catholic men of letters.

Allan Latham

Arm Chair Travels

(Continued from page one)

amazement, we met a funny fat man, with rotundity featuring his entire anatomy. He carried a cane, and a curious stride, and a curious smile. We greeted him affably as we passed, but he only muttered, "What is work, is it a herb?" The stranger was old Micawber, wandering unguided again.

To-day and for the next few months, my map and my imagination will suffice to relieve the travel urge but the time is not far distant when the violent colours will be packed away.